This done, he took down my name and address in Glasgow, and what I knew about James Lambert.

One's idea of a detective is-a keen, lean man, with little glittering eyes-a human weasel. The door opened, and in walked a model of strength and youthful beauty, that made me stare. He was about twenty-two years old; at least six feet four in hight, and the breadth, and, above all, the depth of his chest, incredible. Until I saw John Heenan strip, and reveal his bulging back and breast, and every inch of his satin skin mapped with muscles, I took for granted the old sculptors had exaggerated, and carved ideal demigods, not real men. Nude Heenan showed me they had not exaggerated, but selected; and this detective confirmed the proof; for he was a much finer man than Heenan, yet not a bit fleshy; and, instead of a prize-fighter's features, a comely, manly, blooming face, and a high, smooth forehead, white as snow itself. I know no lady in the South with a forehead so white and delicate.

This Hercules-Apollo-his Scotch name I have forgotten-stood at the door and, drawing himself up, saluted his chief respectfully.

". "," said the chief, "this is Mr. Redd, fr' England. He is looking for an old man called Lambert, that saved many lives in the Clyde some years ago. Ye'll take means to find him -kere's his description-and ye'll report to Mr. Redd, at his hotel. Ye understand now; he's to be found-if he is alive,"

The detective saluted again, but made no reply. He took my address, and the particulars, and went to work directly, as a matter of course. I thanked the chief heartily, and retired to my hotel.

About nine in the evening, Detective Hercules-Apollo called on me. All he had detected was a brave man, called John Lambert, that had saved lives out of a burning ship in the peri of Greenock. I declined John Lambertwith thanks.

Having now no serious hope of finding James Lambert alive, I took the goods the gods provided, and interviewed Hercules-Apollo, since he was to hand. I questioned him, and he told me he was often employed in captures.

"Well," said I, "you are the man for it.

You don't often meet your match-eh?"

He blushed a little, and smiled, but it did not make him bumptious, as it might a small man, say a life-guardsman, or drayman. He said, "I assure you, sirr, I need it all, and whiles, mair." He then pointed out to me a window in the Trongate, exactly opposite the room we were in. "Yon's just a nest o' theeves," said he: "they wark wi' decoys, sirr, a wife wi' a tale o' wee, or a lass wi' a bonny face, and the like. The other night a gentle man put his hand through the window and cried 'thieves.' So I ran up the stair. The door was lockit, ye may be sure. I just pit my foot till't-"

"And it flew up the chimney ?"

"Ha! ha! No so far as that, sirr. Aweel I thought to find maybe two or three of them. But there were nigh a digen o' the warst characters in Glasgee. However, I was in for't, ye ken: so I was in the middle of them before they had time to think, and collared twa old offenders. 'I'll tak this handful,' says I, 'and I'll come book for the lave: '(B) marched 'em oot, and the gentleman at my heels. He was glad to wend clear, and so was I. My hairt beat hard that time, I shall assure ye; but I didna let the vagabonds see thaat, ye ken." He intimated that it was all gas for any one man to pretend that he could master half a dozen, if they were resolute. "Na-we beer the law in our hairts, and they beer guilt in theirs. That's what makes the odds, sirr." After a conversation, of which this is only

a fragment, we returned to James Lambert, and he told me he expected news, good or bad, by break of day, for he had fifty policemen questioning on their beats, in the | a twanty stane mon, and me a laddy ?" keliest parts of the city. "Ah," said I, "but I am afraid those beats are all above ground; now my poor hero is underground."

I went to bed with this conviction; and having hitherto blamed myself, which is an unnatural trick, I now looked round for somebody else to blame, which is customary and wholesome; and herein my smattering of the British drama stood my friend; I snarled, and said-out of Sir Peter-"He has died on purpose to yex me." I heard no more till half-past one next day,

and then my gigantic and beautiful detective called. This time he had a huge pocketbook-enormous-in a word, such a pocketbook as he a man. He opened it, and took out an old newspaper with an account of James Lambert, and also a small pamphlet. I ran my eye over them.

"That will be the man, sirr?"

"Aweel, then we've got him," said he, quietly. "What! got him alive?"

"Ou ay; he is in vara good health. He's not an old man, sirr. He will not be mair than Saxty."

"Have you seen him with your own eyes?' said I, still half incredulous.

"Ye may be sure o' thaat, sirr. I wadna

come here till I had spoken him. He stays at No. 36 Little Street, Calton,"

I thought Calton was some other town, but he told me it was only a suburb of Glasgow, and all the cab-men knew it. Then I thanked him for his zeal and ability, and stood a sovereign, which he received with a grateful smile, but no abatement of his manly dignity : and I took a fly that moment, and drove to Little Street, Calton.

For some reason No. 36 was hard to find, and I got out of the fly to explore. I found the population in a flutter, and it was plain by the swift gathering of the juveniles, and their saucer eyes, that this was the first triumphal car had entered that miserable street. However, if there was amazement, there was civility: and they yied with each other in directing me to James Lambert. I mounted a stair, as directed, and knocked at a door. A woman's voice said "come in," and I entered the room. There was but one.

On my right hand, as I stood at the door, and occupying nearly onethird of the room, was a long large wooden machine for spinning cotton; the upper part bristled with wooden quills polished by use. Behind it the bed in a recess. Immediately on my left was a table with things on it, covered with a linen cloth. Exactly opposite me the fire-place. On my right hand of it the window, but in an embrasure.

An old woman sat before the window, a young woman sat all in a heap the other side of the fire; and in front of the fire stood a grayheaded man, with well-cut features, evidently blind. He was erect as a dart, and stood before his own fire in an easy and gentlemanlike attitude, which does not, as a rule, belong

to workingmen; they generally slouch a bit, when not at work. "Does Mr. Lambert live here?" said I, for

form. He replied civilly, "I am James Lambert. What is your wull with me?"

"Mr. Lambert, I have come from some distance to have a talk with you-about your exploits in saving lives."

"Aweel, sirr, I'll be very happy to hae a crack wi ye. Wife, give the gentleman a chair. When I was seated, he said, "We are in a

litter the day; but ye'll excuse it." I saw no litter, and did not know what he meant. Before he could explain, a young man called for him, no doubt by appointment; and Lambert begged me to excuse him for a moment; he had a weekly pension, and they would not pay it after three o'clock; but it was not far, and he would return directly. He then left me seated between the two women. I looked hard at the young woman. She never moved, and seemed quite stupid or stupefied. I looked at the table on her side of the room, and wondered what was under the linen cloth. There seemed to be a prominence or two, such as objects of unequal hight would cause, and I fancied it must be the best teapot, and other china, covered to keep off the dust.

The young woman was repellent, so I turned round to the old one, and praised her husband. "Ay," said she, "he has been a curious mon in his time-a mony a great faitour (C) he did-and mony a good suit he destroyed that I had to pay for."

This last sentence being uttered earnestly, and its predecessor apathetically, coupled with the stress on the "I," gave me the measure of the woman's mind. However, I tried her again.

"Did you see any of his exploits?" "Na, na; I was aye minding my wark at hame. I saw leetle o' his carryings on." I said no more; but remembered Palissy's wife, and other egotistical mediocres; and

turned to the young woman; but she seemed unconscious of my voice or my presence. From this Impenetrable I turned, in despair, to the covered table; tried to see below the cover with my eagle eye, and had just settled positively it was the china tea-service, when, to my great relief, James Lambert returned,

lation. We soon came to an understanding, and I asked him to give me some details, and to be-

and conversation took the place of idle specu-

gin at the beginning. "Aweel, sirr," said he, "the first case ever I had was a baker-they ca't a case ye ken the noo; aw thing is a case-an awfu' fat man he was. I was aboot fourteen or fifteen then. but a gey guid soomer (E). Aweel, sirr, me and Rab Rankin, and John Murdoch, and a hantle mair lads, went doon to the bathing place, an' we were divairting corselves in the water, when the baker strips and comes out on the deal. Noo ye'll understond there was shallow water and deep, and the deep was at the far end o' the deal. They ca' it ' the Dominie's Hole,' fra a schulemaister wha was drooned there a hundre' years agone. So this baker comes oot to the vara eend o' the deal, and dives in heed first, as if Clyde belanged to him-ha! ha! ha! He dizna come up for a while, and I said to the other callants (F) 'Hech, sirs, ye'll see a bonny diver.' Presently up he comes paanting, and baashing and flinging his arrms; and doon he goes again with baith een glowering. 'Maircy on us,' cries ane, 'the mon's drooning.' However, he comes up again baashing and spluttering. I was ready for him, and just swam forereicht him, and took him by th' arm. That will let ye see what a senseless cauf I was. I suld hae gone and flung him ae end of my gallows, or my naepkin, (G), and towed him in; but, insteed of that, he gat haud o' me and grippit me tight to his breest, and took me doon with him. Noo, tell me, sir-y' are a

soomer voursel' ?" I said "yes."

"What was our lives worth, the pair? Him "Not much, indeed, unless you could slip

away from him." "Ay, but I could na; he huggit me till him Aweel, sirr, if he was wild, I was desperate. I flang my heed back and gat my knees up to his breast, and after my knees my feet, and I gied the awfu'est spang with my feet against his breast, and I got clear, a' but the skin o' my forefinger, that I left in his hond, I raised to the surface and called to the boys to mak' a chain. I was afeared to dive for him. But by Gude's maircy he came up vance mair, just to tak leave o' Scoetland, I got abint him and gave him a sair crack on the heed, drove him forud, followed him up wi' a push, and then the lads took bands and won to him, and pulled him to the deal, and I soomed ashore, and I hadna been there a minute when I swooned reicht way."

"How was that?" I asked. "I think it was partly the pain, but maistly faintheartedness at sight o' my finger streaming wi' bluid, and the skin away. When I came to mysel' the baker had put on his claes and gaed awa."

"What, without a word to his preserver?" "Ay."

"Did'nt he give you anything ?"

"Deil a bawbee. But there was two gentlemen saw the affair, and gied me fifteen shellin'. I went hame sucking my sair finger; and my mither gied me an aw-fu hiding for spoiling my clothes. She took me by the lug (H), and made me cry 'murrder.'"

"Fine sympathetic creatures the women in these parts," said I, "'circumferens acriter oculos,' as my friend Livy hath it," and withering a female right and left, as playful men shoot partridges. Unfortunatey, neither of them observed I had withered her; the hero's narrative and my basilisk glances were alike unheeded.

'And on the impassive fee the lightnings play."-Pope. James Lambert, duly questioned, then related how a personal friend of his had been eized with cramp in the middle of the Clyde 'For, sirr," said he, "the Clyde is a deadly water, by reason of its hot and cold currents, and sand-holes and all."

His friend had sunk for the last time James Lambert dived for him, and brought him up from the bottom and took him ashore. "And, sirr, maybe ye wadna think it; but the resoult was-I tost my freend."

"What do you mean?" said I, staring.

"He just avoided me after that. He came to see me twaree (I) times too; but I obsairved he wasna easy till he was away; and bymby I saw nae mair o' the lad." This he said without passion, and apparently only to discharge his conscience, as a faithful narrator of real events, and men as they are in life, not books. But I, who am no hero, I took time to digest this human pill, and

(C) Paitour-Feat.

(E) Soom—Stein.
(E) Catlant—A boy.
(G) Napkin—Handkerchief. English.
(H) Lug—Ear.
(I) Twarree—Two or three.

then questioned him. But I omit two casesto use his own words-as they had no particular feature.

"The next case, sirr, was an old wumman: ye ken the wives come on Glasgee Green to wash. Well, this auld wife had gone oot at 'the three stanes' to dip her stoup i' the water, and overbalanced herself and gone in heed first, and the stream carried her oot. The cry got up, 'there's a wumman droonin.' I was a lang way off, but I heerd it, and a mother that has lost a child: that is beyond ran down and into the water after her, clothes and all. She was floating, sirr, but her heed was doon, and her feet up. I never saw the like in a' my life. I soomed up to her, and lifted her puir auld gray heed out o' the water-a rale riverend face she had-and broucht her ashore on my arm as quiet as a lamb, and laid her doon."

"Was she insensible)" "Not a' thegither, I think, but nigh hand it, just scared like oot o' her senses, puir saul. Vara sune she began to tremble all over and greet sair. I turned my bock, no' to greet mysel', and went aside and ridded my claes. Aweel, sirr, the first word she spoke was to speer for me. She cries out, quite sudden, Whaur's the mon that gat me oot; for Gude's sake, whaur is he?' Sae the folk pushit me, and I behooved to come forrud, and mak' my confession. 'Wife,' says I, 'I'm the mon.' So she looks me all over. . The Lorrd protect ye,' she cried. The Lorrd bless ye!-I'm a puir auld body,' says she, I hae naething but my washing bay (K). But come you wi' me; and I'll pit it away, deeth.'

"Hech, sirr, I felt it awfu' keen; it was just her livelihood, ye ken, her washing bay; and she'd pit it i' the pawn for me. 'Puir auld body,' says I, 'and is that a' ye hae ?' And I just clappit a schellin in her hand, and I tell't her I needed naething; I'd a gude wife, and a gude wage. I was warking at Somerville's mill ower the water; 'and,' says I, 'if ye wait for me Saturday afternoons, when I lift my wage, I'll whiles hae a schellin for ye.' "

" And did she ?" "Na, na," said he; then, thoughtfully, "She was ower puir to gie, and ower decent to

take." All our other provincial dialects are harsh and ugly; but the Scotch is guttural on the consonants, and on the vowels divinely melodions: I wish I could convey the exquisite melody of James Lambert's voice in speaking these words, "Puir-auld-body! an' is that a' ye hae ?"

The story itself and the brave, tender hero's tones were so manly, yet so sweet, that they brought water into my eyes; and I thought this tale at least must touch some chord even in the dull domestic heart. But no; I looked at the young woman, and she sat all of a beap, still wrapped in herself, dull, stupid, and gloomy beyond description, and the narrative, far from touching her, never even reached her. That was evident somehow. Thought I to myself, "Oh, but y'are a dour wife, y' arr."

Perhaps you will be incredulous at my think ing in Scotch; but the truth is, I am little better than a chameleon; I take the local color willy nilly. After a day in France, I began to think in French; in Scotland, Scotch. I think in bad French and bad Scotch-very. But that is a flimsy detail; the broad fact remains. So I dubbed her a "dour (L) wife;" and really I felt wrath that such pearls of true narrative should be poured out before young Apathy and ancient Mediocrity.

Of Mediocrity there is no cure; but there is of Apathy, at least in Scotland. That cure is-Whisky. When whisky will not thaw a Scotch body at all,

"O then be bold to say Bassanio's-dead."

So I beckoned a dirty but attentive imp, that gleamed, all eyes, in a dark corner, and sent him out for a great deal of whisky; and postponed my inquiries till after the thaw.

Apathy's care, several footsteps were heard on the stairs, and three or four men entered, all in good black suits. A few words of subdued greeting passed, and then they removed the white linen cloth from what I, with my eagle eve and love of precision, had inventoried as the best tea-service.

It was the body of a little girl, lying in her little coffin. The lid was not yet on. She looked like frozen wax.

After the first chilling surprise, I cast my eye on the young woman. She never moved nor looked, but she shivered by the fire when the men touched the coffin behind her.

She was the dead child's mother. Even Iin spite of my engle eye-could see that now. I whispered to James Lambert, "I have intruded on you at a sad time."

"Ye haena intruded at all," said he out loud. Then he told me, before them all, what made it worse was, that the father had gone away and not been seen these three days.

"Ay, but," said Mrs. Lambert, "ye mauna let the gentleman think he is ane that drinks. Na, he is a real, quite, sober, decent man." "He is thant," said the bereaved mother.

speaking for the first time, but in a crushed and dogged way. "I'm no' exactly denying that," said James,

cantiously. "But whaur is he-at the present time ?" It was evident that this quiet, sober, decent man, upon the death of his daughter, had gone

away on the fuddle, and left his bereaved wife to bury the child how she could. Such are the dire realities of life, especially

among the poor. With what different eyes I looked now on

the poor creature, bereaved mother, and deserted wife, whose deep and numbing agony I had taken for sullen apathy-with my eagle And now came in an undertaker, and the

coffin lid was to be screwed on. Before this was done all the men, myself included, took a last look at her, who was taken away so early from the troubles of the world. "Ay, sir," said the undertaker to me, "it is

just clay going to the dust;" and never was a truer word, nor more pictorial. That clay seemed never to have lived. The lid was soon screwed down, and then,

to my surprise, the undertaker delivered a prayer. Now that was the business of the minister; and besides the undertaker had the reddest nose I ever saw. For all that, he delivered a grave, feeling, and appropriate prayer, and then the deceased was carried out for interment, and I was left with James Lambert, his daughter, and his wife. I asked James Lambert would not the minister meet them at the grave. "Na," said he, "there's nae minister intill't.

The wives daur na tell him, or he'd be speering 'Why is na the gude man here?" and then he'd get a pooblic rebuke. Whisper, (E) Washing-bay, or bayne—Tub. French, "bain." (L) Dour-Grim-score. Latin, "Durus."

sirr. Hae ye no obsairved that the womenfolk aye screens a blackguard ?"

"Yes," whispered I; "especially when they suffer by him." So the poor wife let her child be prayed over, and buried, by a layman, sooner than ex-

pose her husband to the censure of the Church. All this made my bowels yearn, and, for the first time, I addressed myself directly to her. I said, "My poor woman, nobody can console the power of man. But, if it is a part of your trouble that you are left without help, and perhaps hard put to it for expenses, I can be of some little use to you in that." Then I pulled out two or three of those deplorable old rags, Scotch one-pound notes, by means of which the national malady is perpetuated, and passes from hand to hand.

I don't know whether it was the stale words, or the old rags, or both; but the poor woman burst out crying and sobbing with almost terrible violence.

We did what we could for her, and tried to get her to swallow a few drops of whisky; but she put her hand up and turned away from it.

The quick-eared old man found this out somehow, and explained her to her face. "She can take a drap as weel as ony body; but noo she blames it for her mon being away." Then, rather roughly to his wife, "Hets, ye fule, let the lass greet. What'n harm will that dee her?"

Soon after this the two women exchanged one of their signals, and went out together-I and get ye twaree schellin for saving me fra think to pay the undertaker; and such is the decent pride of the Scotch character, that to be able to do this was probably a drop of comfort in the bitter cup of their affliction.

When they were gone, the old man's expressive features brightened a little, and he drew his stool nearer me, with a certain genial alacrity. There are bookmakers who would not let you know that, Madam, lest you should turn from their hero with aversion: but, when I deal with fact, I am on my oath. At all events, understand him, before you turn from him. You see the present very clearly, the past through a haze: but this man, being blind, could not see the present at all, and saw the past clearer than you do; for he was compelled to live in it. He had never seen the grandchild he had lost; an unfamiliar fragment of this generation had gone away to the grave; a man of his own generation sat beside him, and led him back to the men and things he knew by sight and by deed.

"Well, Mr. Lambert-now tell me."

"Aweel, sirr, ye've heerd o' the callant they wadna let me save-Hech, sirr, yon was a wean wastit (M)-noo I'll mak' ye the joodge whether I could na hae saved that ane, and twarred mair. There's a beck they ca' 'the Plumb' rins doon fra' the horse-brae into the Clyde near Stockwell Brigg. The bairns were aye for sporting in the beck, because it was shallow by ordinar, and ye'd see them the color o' vilets, and no hauf sae sweet, wi the dye that ran i' the beck. Aweel, ae day there was a come doon and catched them, and the resoult was I saw ane o' th' assembly in the Clyde. I had warned the neer-do-weels, ye ken, mony's the time. By good luck, I was na far away, and went in for him and took him by the ear. 'C'way, ye little deevil,' says I. I had na made three strokes, when I'm catched round the neck wi' another callan."

"Where on earth did he spring from ?" "I dinua ken. I was attending to number ane, when number twa poppit up, just to tak' leave o Glasgee. I tell't them to stick it in to me, and carried the pair ashore. Directly, there's a like of the pair ashore. Directly, there's a like of the pair ashore. skirl on the bank, and up comes number three, far ahint me in the Clyde, and sinks before I can win (0) to him. Dives for this ane, and has a wark to find him at the bottom. Brings him ashore, in a kind o' a dwam; but I had noe fear for his life; he hadna been doon lang: my lord had a deal mair mischief to do, ye ken. By the same token he came too yara sune; and d' ye ken the first word he said to me?"

"No." " Nay, but guess."

"I cannot." "He said 'Diona tell my feyther!' ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! 'Lordsake, man, dinna tell my feyther!' ba! ha! ha! ha! ha!

I never saw a man more tickled, by a straw, than James Lambert was at this. By contemplating him I was enabled, in the course of time, to lose my own gravity; for his whole face was puckered with mirth, and every inch of it seemed to laugh.

"But," said he, "wad you believe it, some officious pairson tell't his feyther, in spite o' us baith. He was just a laboring man. He called on me, and thankit me vara hairtily, and gied me a refreshment. And I thought mair o't than I hae thought o' a hantle siller on the like occasions."

After one or two savings that would have gained a man a medal in the south, but go for nothing in this man's career, and would dilute the more colored incidents, James Lambert prefaced a curious story by letting me into his mind. "By this time, sirr," said he, "I was aye prowling about day and night for vectims.'

"Tell the truth, James. You had the pride of an artist. You wanted them to fall in, that you might pull them out, and show your dexterity."

"Dinna mak' me waur than I am, ha! ha! ha! Nay, but ye ken, in those days, folk was na sae acquainted in sooming, and accidents was mair common; and sae, if such a thing was to be, I wad like to be there and save em. Ech, the sweetness o't!-the sweetness

"I raised every morning between three and four, and took a walk; it was a kind o' my natur, and the river was ay the first place I ran tae. Aweel, ae morning, before 'twas well light, I heerd high words, and there was a lass fleichting (P) on a lad, and chairging him wi' beein' her ruin; and presently she runs away skirling, and flings hersel' into the river. The lad he just turns on his heel and walks away."

I expressed my surprise and horror-no matter in what terms.

He replied, loftily, "My dear sirr, d'ye ken this?-there have been men in the name o' men, that were little mair than broom besoms." I acquiesced.

"'Twas na for sport neither. The lass knew the water, and ran straicht to the deepest pairt, opposite Nelson's Monument: her claes buoyed her up, and I got her out easy encuch. She was na ashore a moment, when in she flees again, the daft hizzy. Noo the water maistly cools thir sort o' lasses, and reconciles them to terree firmee. But she was distrackit,

(M) A wean wastit—A child thrown away.
(N) Spate—Flood.
(O) Win, won, etc.—Tenses of the old verb "wend"—to go. Sozon.
(P) Floighting—Scolding.

was wi' me; she was na wi' you.' 'What,' says I, 'd'ye begroodge the lass her life ?' 'Not I, says he; 'but y' had no need to meddle; what's your business?' So I gied him his auswer. Says I, 'You have taen her character, and turned her on the maircy of the warld. and noo it's a' your vexation that ye could na' be rid of her in the Clyde. But she shall outlive you, ye blackguard,' says I, 'please Gude.' So then he challenged me to fight. But as I mad' ready to take off my coat, a fine lad steps forrud, and lays his hand on my arm. 'Ye're no fit for him,' says he; 'an' ye've done your wark,' says he, 'and this is mines.' So at it they went, and t'other stood up and fought for about five minutes. But oh, he napped it. My lad just hashed him. Gied him twa black een, and at the hinder end laid him

sprawlin' and smothered i' bluid." "But the woman?"

She "was na a woman. She was but a lassie, about nineteen." "Little fool! and thought she was rained for

life-when all her life was before her." "Ye may say that, sirr; why, that very year wasna she married on a decent tradesman? I often saw her after she was married; but she wadna speak to me. She couldna look me straught i' the face. She'd say, 'Gude morning,' though-when she couldna get by me." " Ungrateful little brute!"

" Na, na; it was na ingratitude ava; it was just shame. Aweel, she needna run fra' me noo; for I canna see her, nor ony of those I hae saved."

This made me gulp a bit, and, when I had done, I said "She measured you by her small self. She would have been sure to blab, in such a case, so she thought you would."

"Aweel, then," said he, "she was mistaen; for I maun tell ye that some mischief-maker let on something or other about it to her man, and he was uneasy, and came and asked me if 'twas true I had taken his wife out o' the water. 'Ay,' said I, 'her and twarree mair.' 'What had she to do i' the water?' says he. 'That's her business,' says I. 'mine was to tak' her oot.' He questioned me had she band o' them there; and a high spate (N) had been drinking. 'Like eneuch,' says I, 'but I couldna say.' He questioned me, and questioned me; but I pit the collar on, ye ken. I behooved to clear the wife a' I could. I didna lee neither; but I was afflicted wi' a sooden obleevion o' sma' partecculars, haw! haw! I didna think muckle o' you carle. He had a rare gude wife; they a' said so, and whaur was the sense o' him diving into her past life, to stir the mud?"

> (Q) Cummer-A woman of the people. French. Com LOCAL MISCELLANY.

TARIFF CHANGES IN THE LINEN TRADE. RECOMMENDATIONS OF MERCHANTS FOR THE SIMPLI-FIGATION OF THE TARIFF LAWS WITHOUT A DE-

CREASE IN REVENUE. A meeting of merchants in the linen trade was held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce to consider recommendations for the simplification of the tariff laws without diminution of the national revenue from customs. The meeting, like others which have been held in other trades, took place at the suggestion of a committee of the Chamber of Commerce, which, to gether with kindred bodies in Boston and Philadelphia, is carrying out the recommendation made in Congress at the last session that suggestions simplification of the revenue laws, without lessening the amount of receipts, be made by these bodies. Edwin Packard was chosen Chairman of the meeting, and E. C. Whitman, Secretary. The discussion in regard to the changes which are desirable in the revenue laws affecting the linen trade was proceded with in a very informal way. The Chairman first spoke of the trouble and annoyance caused by duties laid on charges for the inland transportation of goods from the place of manufacture to the place of export. Mr. Jaffe took up the same theme, and urged that the fair course would be to levy duties only on the real value of goods, on the amount paid for them, and not in the freight charges, which are no part of the true valuation of the goods, and which are sometimes doubled. Mr. Whitman said that there had been a good deal of talk about undervaluation recently. These duties on transportation charges, commissions, and cost of packing goods, make valuation a pretty difficult matter for appraisers, and add much to the labors of liquidation at the Custom-house. The act for levying duties on these charges was passed June 30, 1864, and was repealed March 3, 1865, but it was recenacted in 1866, for what reason is hard to tell, for it embarrasses importers. What cause the Government had for complaint during the time that the act remained repealed is not known. Matters connected with these transpertation charges have been sources of dispute. At one time duties were claimed on transportation charges from Belfast to Dablin, but these were disputed, and it was finally decided that they could not be collected, as the charges were on water carriage. If this principle is impartially carried out, duties which are required in many cases ought to be abandoned.

After some discussion, Mr. Wuttman offered a resolution recommending to the Committee on Ways an Means that there be repealed all acts which require du ties to be assessed upon commissions, brokerage, cost of packing, and of packing materials, of transportation shipment, transhipment, and other like charges incurred in placing goods, wares, and merchandise on shipboard. This resolution was adopted.

Peter Donald argued that if the Government wished to retain the revenue derived from the duties on these charges, it would save much embarrassment and trouble by making a specific charge to cover these duties-a uni form percentage. Mr. Donald afterward discussed the form percentage. Mr. Donald afterward discussed the different rates fixed on linen goods, as 35 per cent on linens under 30 cents per yard in value, and 40 per cent on linens over that valuation, and thought it would be a gain both to the trade and the Government to have these differences abolished. Many goods are immorted which are just on the edge of this turning point in values, and goods may vary at different seasons of the vear enough te ran above or below. He gave lustances in shirting linens, doylies, and napkins, and in differences of bleaching.

in shrting finens, doynes, and mapsins, and ences of bleachins.

Harvey Spencer suggested that the proposed change would not meet with the favor of Congress, as these differential rates had prevailed in most tariffs. Mr. Donald and others argued for the adoption of a uniform, specific duty of 35 per cent upon flax goods, and a resolution was passed declaring that the meeting was in favor of uniform rates on flax goods not exceeding 35 per cent.

er cent. Francis Durando referred to what were considered to Francis Durando referred to what the process of the pressurable discriminations in rates of duty on be unreasonable discriminations in rates of duty on burlaps, and favored the recummendation of a uniform duty of 30 per cent on all fate fabrics. There was some discussion of the interpretation put upon Tariff acts affecting the linen trade by the codification act of June 22, 1874. It was declared that the act was only passed 22, 1874. It was declared that the act was only passed the presentations that it made no change in the upon representations that it made no change in the existing system, but subsequently extra duties were

claimed under it.

Mr. Whitman raid that the Ways and Means Committee
is expected to give relief. It was recommended that a
general protest pe made against the requirement of extra

she was just a woman that wanted to die. So I went in again, and lectured her a' the time I was pulling her oot, 'Hae ye a quarrl wi' Him that made ye, ye datt cummer' (Q), says I; and I held her on the bank itsel'; but if I was strong in the water, she was stronger on land wi' her daftness, and she flung me off, and in again, 'Vera weel, my leddy,' says I. Sae, d'ye ken what I did noo?"

"No."

"I just drooned her. I pit her heed under water, and keepit there till I made her taste the bitterness o' dethe, for her g ide, ye ken. Hech, sirr, but it sickened her o' yon game. She brought up a quart o' Clyde, and then she lay and rolled a bit, and pu'd the grass, and then she sat up quiet as a lamb; and I stood sentinel over her leddyship, and my claes a drippin. By this time a wheen folk was wi' her step forrud and complain to me. 'Ye'd little to do to interfere,' says he; 'she was wi' her; she was na wi' you,' 'What,'

"FRAUDS IN THE GROCERY TRADE.

FRAUDS IN THE GROCERY TRADE. SHORT WEIGHTS IN THE IMPORTATION OF RALLING.

PROTESTS OF NEW-YORK GROCERS, The principal grocery firms of New-York met yesterday afternoon at No. 141 Chambers-st., to adopt positive measures to remedy the complaints of retail traders relative to short weights in the importa tions of raisins. The charges are that boxes of raisins come to this country purporting to contain a certain number of pounds of fruit, but when opened and sold by the retail dealers they are found to fall considerably short. Thus far the latter have been the only sufferers, but they are beginning to complain, and the importers have determined to set themselves right in the eyes of their patrons. The meeting yesterday was numerously attended, representatives of the following tirms being

present:
Francis H. Leggett & Co., H. K. Thurber & Co., Fitts & Austin, W. E. Hartwig, S. & E. J. Khapp, B. irkhalter, Masten & Co., E. Hazard & Co., A. & S. Baker & Co., McDowell, Lockwood & Co., Baker & Clark, Martin Y. Buun & Co., Wm. H. Jackson, Sumerland & Ayres, Moore, Jenkins & Co., Woodraff, Spencer & Stout, Badenn & Doan, Dean & Hayberger, Unferhil & Steward, R. Senman & Co., A. G. Conarl & Co., J. T. Wilson & Co., L. M. Luther & Co., W. C. Ward & Co., John Haviland & Co., Acker, Martail & Conust.
George F. Spencer was called upon to preside. W. H. C. Price, editor of The American Grover, addressed the

C. Price, editor of The American Grocer, addressed the

meeting. He described the manner in which American

present:

grocers are defrauded by short weight in raisins, and concluded by proposing as the easiest, and least violent method to pursue, to have all kinds of raisins, including Malagallayers and loose Muscatels, sold as Valencia raisins are, by weight. Although it may not be practical ble, said he, to apply this remedy to the present crop already marketed, it certainly can be applied to the next and all fature crops without any violent disturbance of the interests of any parties. The importers as such a movement; the distributors, among whom such a hovement; the distributors, among whom the houses signing the call for this meeting represent more than eight millions of capital, appreciate the po-sition in which they are placed by suon irregularities, and are equally anxious to have the cause removed; while the vist body of retailers throughout the country, whom I have the home to represent, possessing an ar-greente capital of over \$100,000,000, demand that it shall be done. In order that the combined influence of coun-try merchars might be brought to bear upon questions of this kind in which they are drectly interested. I have advocated the form their in every intermed the advoca-

of his kind in which they are directly interested. I have advocated in formation in every interest cit and town of Merchants' Protective Associations. Already these associations are organized in every section of the country, and are rapidly miniaplying.

James C. Weimere of the drim of W. H. Jackson & Co. then spoke at considerable interth, advocating a set of resolutions fixing the manner in which rushes should be sold. Resolutions were accordingly adopted appointing a committee of five influential grocers to consider the matter and report at the next meeting. The committee will conter with all the importers and wholesane dealers, who have already assured them of their ready cooperation. Mr. McMurray of Bastimore spoke recarring the abuses of the canned goods unsiness, but he way ing the abuses of the cannel goods unshess, but no way was suggested by which the frauds could be avoided. Mr. Leggett of F. H. Leggett & Co. also delivered a

THE LIOUOR DEALERS' DEFEAT.

THE COMBINATION OF UNLICENSED SELLERS DIS-TURBED BY THE CONVICTION OF SCHWAR-ILLICIT LIQUOR TRAFFIC EXPECTED TO DE-

CREASE. The Commissioners of Excise say that they expected no other result than the conviction of Sigis mund Schwab, who was tried on Monday for seiling liquor without license, so long as an honest and unpreju diced jury could be obtained. The Court of Appeals, it sentence below, as it has already affirmed the constitutionality of all the clauses of the Excise law. The case of Schwab is the first one tried on a criminal ludietment, the Legislature of 1873 having, by an evident Commissioners can legally sue for the civil penalty. The law of 1873 cives the right of suit

for the people in a civil prosecution to the Overseers of the Poor, an office which is not in existence in the city, the Commissioners of Charities and Correction being the only Board corresponding to it. Any action taken by them as Overseers of the Poor would probably provoka long heigation at the hands of aggrieved liquor dealers. It is in consequence of this view of the matter that the Excise Board have had liquor dealers indicted for criminal offense, the pen alty in case of conviction being a term in the Peniten tiary. One hundred indictments, similar to that of

tiary. One hundred indictments, similar to that of which Schwab has been found gulity, are now awaling trial, and the Exche Board have 500 noore cases awaling indictment by the Grand Jury. These will all be pressed at once, and verdicts are hoped for in caca, similar to that rendered in Schwab's case.

Commissioner Marshall stated yeaterslay that the evidence found against unincency it improvesses is valuated in almost every instance by iterated in quotected in almost every instance by iterated inquotected in almost every instance by iterated inquotected in the pector afterward is merely to see if inquired is really sold on the premises indicated, the fact of the place being licensed or uniformed below easily indicated by the records of the Exche Board. The themsel dealers are in hearity every instance homes, respects by the records of the Exchance that the detect of the state of unlawful liquor dealing is their vicinity. Their have been about 2.300 then sets taken out for the sale of the state of the

have been about 2.300 dicenses taken out for the sale of liquor, not one of which has been granted to the infamous dens known as "bucket shops," concert saleous, or disorderly houses, so far as the members of the Excise Board are aware, and there are about a coof the ordinary liquor saleous of the city which have not yet taken out heenees. The latter class has been waiting, doubtless, for the conclusion of the lest case of Schwab, and when the verdict rendered on Monday is faily affirmed these 4,000 persons may be expected to apply for heeness.

Signsmund Schwab was balled by the Liquor Dealers' Associatioe, of which he is a member, pending the argument on the motion in arrest of judgment, which will be argued this morning. On Monday eventur, just after the conviction, the Association met and passed energette resolutions in regard to their readiness to keep up the flight, but yesterday morning Schwab was surrendered, and his friends only succeeded in flading new ball at 4 o'clock.

REDRESS FOR MARSHALS IN THEIR OWN COURT. Judge Donohue decided yesterday the question at issue between the Marine Court Marshals and the Sheriff, which has been a somewhat disturbing element, especially to the Marshals, as it relates to the collection of fees. The motion was to compel Judge Spaulding of the Marine Court to issue a process to . Marshal named Phillips, the Judge having previously ordered that such processes should go to the Sheriff's office. Phillips, who represents in this test case the interests of about 35 marshals, claimed before Judge Dono hue that a Judge of the Marine Court could not issue process to the Sheriff, and Judge Donohue decided yes-

terday as follows:

While there can be no doubt of the power of the Conrt to interfere in a proper case with the writ of mandamus to aid a sultor in obtaining his rights, it does not seem to me that this is one of the cases in which that power should be exercised. The parties have full relief in the Marine Court, and that Court can, in proceedings before it, redress the error, if any, that the applicant complains of. If Judge Spanleing is wrong, on which no opinion is expressed, an appeal can be taken in the Marine Court and the proper order, if the present refusal is wrong, entered. Motion denied. orday as follows:

FACILITIES FOR CHEAP READING WHICH THE BOOKMAKER CANNOT APPROACH.

From The Urbana 10.) Union and Farmers Patron.
THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, during the past THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, during the past eighteen mouths, has been issuing in pampilet form the contents of a two-doilar volume in a fen-cent "ex-ra." Every few weeks heraids an Extra containing a choice novel or a series of lectures on science, politics, or religion by the ablest scholars of the day, each for ten cents, a novel of cheapuess to the million that read the dime novel and the newspaper. The enormous circulation of The TRIBUNE gives it facilities for cheap reading matter which the bookman camed approach, but acting on that hint, there is hope yet that the two-dollar volume of more pretentious merit may come down to the level in circulation and price of the time novel and The TRIBUNE Extra.

(B) The lave-The rest.